

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

October 1938

"I Serve"



## Winter Soon

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Decoration by Lloyd Coe

When the pumpkin yellows  
And the standing corn  
Is pale with frost, and cobwebs  
Hang silver in the morn,

When Orion rises  
Over fields cut bare,  
And the fallen apples  
Smell cidery on the air,

Then comes the witches' Sabbath  
Of the flocking crows.  
Standing by the barn door,  
Every farmer knows

When he hears that clangor,  
Sees that windy flight,  
Winter soon is coming,  
Cold, and early night.

—From "Away Goes Sally,"  
by Elizabeth Coatsworth, Macmillan



# A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The October News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"When the Pumpkin Yellows"

#### Character Guidance:

"We Are Twenty-one" (editorial), "A Safety Plan," "United States Juniors," "Per"

#### General Science:

"Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys"

#### Geography:

*Africa*—"Camp in Monkeyland"  
*Arctic Regions*—"Adrift on a Polar Floe"  
*British West Indies*—"Mouseknees"  
*Czechoslovakia*—"A Box of Fruit," "The Program Picture"  
*New Guinea*—"Tilio, Boy of Papua"  
*New Zealand*—"Pets"  
*Russia*—"Adrift on a Polar Floe"  
*Sweden*—"Per"  
*Switzerland*—"Swiss Boy with Goat" (front cover), "Honorable Goats"  
*United States*—"Roller Skates," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "United States Juniors"

#### Language Arts:

"When the Pumpkin Yellows," "Something to Read," "A Box of Fruit," "Postman Wind"

#### Primary Grades:

"Per," "The Cobbler," "Pets," "These Are Nit-Wits," "A Safety Plan," "Mouseknees," "Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Camp in Monkeyland," "Boy with Goat"

#### Reading:

If question 1 of each pair is assigned in advance as something to be found out, individual differences in skill can be met by assigning the easier or shorter features to retarded readers, and the harder ones to rapid readers. If older pupils who are slow readers are scornful of too youthful assignments they may become interested in preparing stories to retell to primary pupils not yet able to read the magazine.

The second question in each pair may be used for general conversation, may suggest a research assignment, or be the basis for planning service.

1. How does a farmer know when winter is coming?
2. Make a list of words that give a feeling of autumn.
1. Why did Mouseknees want long pants? 2. Do you think that it was right for him to cut his father's trousers?
1. How did the goats save Gruyère? 2. Trace the cover picture, to make window transparencies for sick children.
1. Why were the green monkeys less sociable than the blue monkeys? 2. What kinds of monkeys have you seen?
1. What did the Russian scientists learn from their observations on the ice floe? 2. How has science benefited men, and how has it injured them?
1. When was the American Junior Red Cross organ-

ized? 2. What do you intend that the Junior Red Cross shall mean in your school?

1. What European custom does the October PROGRAM picture illustrate? 2. Ask old people you know to tell you about harvesting parties of their youth.

1. Why was Tilio frightened by the strange new being? 2. Find Papua on a map.

1. What different kinds of people did Lucinda know in New York? 2. Describe the most interesting person you ever knew.

1. How are the Indian boys helping to improve the Rosebud reservation? 2. Find out about conservation needs in your own state.

1. What different plans did the Czechoslovakian boys have for their box of fruit? 2. In what spirit should gifts be made?

1. What did the Wisconsin Juniors learn about causes of accidents? 2. Talk over ways to prevent accidents in your own home.

1. What suggestions for Hallowe'en do you find in the news of United States Juniors? 2. Decide on some way to share your Hallowe'en fun.

1. Which pet of the New Zealand children would you like best? 2. How should pets be treated?

1. Why did Mr. Westberg take one krona out of Per's wages every week? 2. Should everybody pay the owner for things he loses or breaks?

1. What is a cobbler? 2. Learn to shine your own shoes.

1. What is likely to happen to a Nit-Wit? 2. Were you ever a Nit-Wit?

#### Units of Study:

*Accident Prevention*—"A Safety Plan," "United States Juniors," "These Are Nit-Wits"

*Adventure and Exploration*—"Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Camp in Monkeyland"

*Animals and Pets*—"Honorable Goats," "Camp in Monkeyland," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "Pets"

*Climate*—"Mouseknees," "Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Camp in Monkeyland"

*Community Living*—"Honorable Goats," "Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Camp in Monkeyland," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "A Box of Fruit," "A Safety Plan"

*Conservation of Life and Property*—"Honorable Goats," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "A Box of Fruit," "A Safety Plan," "United States Juniors," "The Cobbler," "These Are Nit-Wits"

*Effects of Science and Machinery on Life*—"Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "A Safety Plan," "These Are Nit-Wits"

*Harvesting*—"When the Pumpkin Yellows," "The PROGRAM Picture"

*Holidays*—"When the Pumpkin Yellows," "United States Juniors"

*Home Life*—"Mouseknees," "Tilio, a Boy of Papua," "Camp in Monkeyland," "Pets"

*Primitive or Frontier Living*—"Mouseknees," "Honorable Goats," "Adrift on a Polar Floe," "Camp in Monkeyland," "Tilio"

*Work*—"Mouseknees," "Honorable Goats," "Beavers, Dams, and Turkeys," "Per," "The Cobbler"



# Developing Program Activities for October

## Classroom Uses of Activities

**G**REATER educational benefit is derived from Junior Red Cross activities when they are used in classroom work. You may find opportunities this month in several of the suggestions:

Making posters and jig-saw pictures for accident prevention combines drawing and civics.

Making Hallowe'en favors, gifts, and greetings for the pleasure of others or planning a Hallowe'en party for some group will give a social motive to a unit on holidays and substitute constructive fun for mischievous celebration.

Starting window boxes with the aim of beautifying the school should deepen interest in nature study. Planting a box of garden greens will combine nature study and health.

In the language arts, selection of serial stories to mount as gifts for old people can be used to develop judgment as to interest of the audience and literary quality.

The school correspondence topic, "Native arts and handicrafts," may combine practice in writing letters with study of local and sectional history and also development of art appreciation. Perhaps some of the pupils have seen the Rural Art exhibits. An interesting activity report from Montgomery, West Virginia, sometime ago, told about the use of native wood for making gifts. This suggests the use of native wood or other materials close at hand in covers for correspondence albums or models sent as illustrative material for a correspondence album.

## Materials for Accident Prevention Study

Prevention of accidents at home, in school, and on farms is stressed throughout the PROGRAM this year. Let the children see how many suggestions for accident prevention they can discover on the September and October pages. Materials available through your Red Cross Chapter or Headquarters office are:

"Home and Farm Self-check List," intended for distribution to homes and farms in the schools through the school children.

"Accident Prevention Poster," for display in connection with the annual self-inspection campaign and year around Accident Prevention Program.

"Injuries in the Home," for the use of school teachers in interesting pupils in the distribution of inspection blanks and helping parents intelligently check home and farm accident hazards.

## Service for Blind Children

Do you know of individual blind children in your community who read braille, but for some reason cannot attend any school or class for the blind? If you will let us know about them, we will try to reach each of them with one of the Junior Red Cross gift stories. These are available in full spelling for primary grade age; in braille grade 1½, for intermediate and junior high age; and in braille grade 2 for those of senior high school age. Blind children attending regular schools or classes will receive these gifts through their schools, but we learn occasionally of individual children whom we have missed in our distribution. Perhaps you can help us to find them.

Would your pupils like to make stuffed toys or jointed wooden toys for children in schools for the blind? Your Headquarters Office will tell you where

they are needed if you will tell how many toys your Junior Red Cross Group can make. Our toy patterns may be helpful for this project. Please let us know.

## Christmas Menu Covers for Sailors

The project of making Christmas menu covers for sailors is a popular one for art classes. The covers are usually made of construction or art paper measuring, when folded, six by nine inches. The designs are seasonal and range from the humorous to the poetic. The media used include linoleum block, or wood cuts, water colors, and pen and ink designs. A variety of designs gives the sailors the fun of looking at one another's.

If you have an art class that would enjoy this project, let us know how many covers you can make, and an assignment of a vessel will be sent you. They must be ready by the first of December, and your request should reach Headquarters much earlier than that or the assignments will all have been made.

## Junior Red Cross and Roll Call

One story of the way the Red Cross rebuilt a town where floods will not reach it was told in the *Red Cross Courier*, January, 1938. Copies of this will be in your chapter office. A new book giving a complete report of the relief work following the great floods also tells about the work of rebuilding. This, too, is available in the chapter offices and perhaps can be borrowed for reference.

Various ways in which Junior Red Cross members have helped in Roll Call include:

Counting membership pins and assorting them and other supplies in envelopes for Roll Call workers. In some cases very young members have enjoyed doing this and practiced arithmetic at the same time.

Making sets of flags for Chapter use.

Learning accurate facts about the history, present activity, and purposes of the Red Cross to talk about at home.

Explaining and exemplifying to adults the opportunities of active Red Cross membership, so that the annual dollar will lead to more comprehensive understanding of what the Red Cross means and also greater participation in the Red Cross program. Active interest of Junior members in their Council may stimulate parents to attend the adult Chapter Meeting.

Understanding and making clear the difference between Senior and Junior membership dues. Junior membership dues are always on a group basis, 50 cents to the room, as explained in the September TEACHERS' GUIDE. Senior membership dues are individual, one dollar per adult. Fifty cents of this dollar is kept at home for local work and fifty cents is sent to National Headquarters and becomes the medium for national and international participation in many disasters for which no separate appeal is made, and also for the broad educational program of the Red Cross.

The teacher, of course, is always welcomed into Senior Red Cross membership; but a school room cannot join the Senior Red Cross by collecting a dollar. All money collected from pupils in a school in the name of the Red Cross becomes part of the Junior Red Cross Service Fund.



# World Friendship and Young Members

THE way in which Junior Red Cross interest was used as the center for a unit of study in primary grades is carefully developed in an account written by Catherine Schultz of the McDonogh 31 School, New Orleans, Louisiana. This outline is especially interesting in connection with the October PROGRAM activity: *To help with Red Cross Roll Call, tell adult friends what you have learned about the history of the Red Cross and the way people in all countries work together for humanity.*

"During American Education Week, November 8-12, each school was asked to have an educational 'treasure hunt.' Each class selected a sub-topic in connection with 'World Peace.'

"The Second Grade, A class, and the Third Grade, B class, selected 'The Peace Garden and the Red Cross Promote World Peace,' because of the great interest of the pupils in their Junior Red Cross, and in reading the Junior magazine.

"The annual Roll Call was in progress at the same time as the 'treasure hunt.' The children were told the history of the Red Cross and its good in promoting peace and friendship among nations. The JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS of April, 1936, was on the reading table and the children found in it an article about the Peace Garden between Canada and the United States. This article was carefully read. After much discussion, the class decided to build a Peace Garden on their sand table. Out of clay, stones, sticks, etc., the children constructed a cairn, three picnic grounds and shelters, a flagstaff, trees, roads, a United States flag, a Canadian flag, and a Red Cross flag. Each article was carefully made and placed in the miniature Peace Garden.

"This unit of activity included every subject and much knowledge was gained by the class.

## "I. Center of Interest—World Peace

Specific Phase—The Peace Garden and the Red Cross Promote World Peace

## "II. Aims and Objectives

- A. To develop a keen interest in world peace
- B. To teach the geographical location of Canada, the United States, and the Peace Garden
- C. To create a desire to learn more about the Peace Garden and to keep up with its progress
- D. To teach the children the advantages of peace and the horrors of war
- E. To teach the origin, purposes, and history of the Red Cross

"III. Form of Approach—the annual Red Cross membership drive and reading the Red Cross Magazine to help stir interest in world peace and the Peace Garden

## "IV. Correlations with school subjects

- A. Social Studies
  1. History of Red Cross
  2. Origin of Peace Garden
  3. Dedication and progress of Peace Garden
  4. Future plans of Peace Garden
  5. Location of Canada, United States, Turtle Mountains, Manitoba, N. Dakota
  6. Use of maps

## B. Health

1. Sanitation in connection with the water supply
2. Cleanliness of picnic grounds
3. Cleanliness of self and work

## C. Music

1. America
2. Armistice Day
3. Flag Song
4. Red Cross Song of Service
5. Songs of different nations
6. Folk Dances

## D. Drawing

1. Constructed a cairn, picnic shelters, and flag staffs
2. Drew United States, Canadian, and Red Cross flags
3. Made booklets to keep pictures of flowers of different nations, parts of Peace Garden and different Red Cross activities

## E. Arithmetic

1. Figured size of Peace Garden
2. Number of people at dedication
3. Number of CCC boys working on Peace Garden
4. Amount American Red Cross and Canadian Red Cross obligated themselves to pay towards Peace Garden
5. Annual sum for its upkeep
6. Number of members on the International Peace Garden Board
7. Dimensions in connection with the construction of our miniature garden

## F. Language

1. Knowledge of grammar necessary for correct expression in the work of the class
2. Learned a poem 'The Peace Garden'
3. Read stories about Red Cross
4. Read stories about the Peace Garden
5. Wrote sentences about our work
6. Wrote letters to Chamber of Commerce, Bismark, for information about the Peace Garden
7. Learned to speak distinctly and not too rapidly

## G. Spelling

1. Correct spelling in all written work. The main words in connection with the project were studied—cairn, garden, flags, peace, war, Canada, United States, clay, Red Cross, etc.

## H. Penmanship

1. Neat, legible handwriting in all written work
2. Neatest work placed on display

## I. Reading

1. Directions for seat work
2. Charts about activity
3. Our Peace Garden
4. The Red Cross and World Peace
5. Our Fountain
6. Our Cairn
7. How the Juniors Help
8. Learned to read inscription on Cairn
9. Read poem 'The Peace Garden'

## "V. Outcome of Activity

- A. The children gained a clear understanding of Red Cross and how it promotes world peace and good will.
- B. A clear image of the Peace Garden was formed.
- C. A desire for friendship with the world was formed.
- D. The children learned to locate cities, towns, states, rivers, etc., on a map."

# Fitness for Service for October

## Cleanliness and Community Health

**C**OMMUNITY health is promoted through personal habits of cleanliness. Everyone should take pains to prevent disease germs that leave his body from infecting others and the disease germs of other persons from infecting his own body.

It should be a rule that nothing is placed in the mouth except clean food, beverages, and of course the tooth brush. Things to be kept out are fingers, pencils, money, and all other foreign objects. Nose, eyes, and ears should also be safeguarded against soiled intruders.

Older children can encourage smaller ones in keeping clean by building steps or placing safe boxes to make it easier for the little ones to reach the wash basin.

It is important for all who help with the school lunch always to scrub their hands before handling the food or utensils. Important points in cleanliness are summarized in the Red Cross text, *Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick*, Chapter I, "Individual Health and Personal Hygiene."

"There is no clear connection between general cleanliness and disease. Frequent bathing does not protect a person from any particular disease, except in so far as bathing necessarily includes washing the hands. If typhoid germs for example have actually been swallowed, a clean bodily exterior is of no avail either in preventing the fever or in diminishing its severity. The same is true of other diseases.

"But it is impossible to emphasize unduly the importance of clean hands. Hands are prime offenders in distributing fresh bodily secretions and germs. All health authorities agree on this point.

"Perhaps 90 per cent of all infections are taken into the body through the mouth. They reach the mouth in water, food, fingers, dust, and upon the innumerable objects that are sometimes placed in the mouth.

"The fact that the great majority of infections are taken by way of the mouth gives scientific direction to personal hygiene. Sanitary habits demand that the hands should be washed after defecation and again before eating, and fingers should be kept away from the mouth and nose, and that no unnecessary objects should be mouthed. All food and drink should be clean or thoroughly cooked. These simple precautions alone would prevent many a case of infection. (Rosenau: *Preventive Medicine and Hygiene*, p. 366)"

## Internal Cleanliness

A well balanced diet, including plenty of leafy green vegetables and juicy fruits, is essential for internal cleanliness, that is, elimination of wastes.

Exercise, especially active play in the fresh air, helps the body throw off waste products more easily and rapidly.

## Social Responsibility

Study of community cleanliness will probably include such problems as safeguarding the water supply, food inspection, garbage and sewage disposal. The children will be interested to find out the laws in their own community and state. In connection with the Program mention of Juniors of India, who made their village a model, the narrative of a thirteen year old boy of India is quoted from *Our Book*:

"Hardwar is a sacred city of the Hindus situated on the bank of the Ganges. In the month of June when a grand Hindu festival was going to be held here, it was expected that thousands of pilgrims from every part of India would gather together to bathe in the sacred Ganges. A party of Sewa Samiti

volunteers was going to encamp at Hardwar to help the authorities in helping pilgrims in every possible manner. Members of the Junior Red Cross gladly offered their services to such a noble cause.

"We reached Hardwar and pitched our tents. By this time the pilgrims were pouring in from different quarters and the station was overcrowded. . . . There were Bengalis, Gujratis, Mahrattas, Sikhs, Hindus of different sets and communities, Hill tribes of Assam, Nepalis and many others. Hindu Sadhus and other Fakirs could be seen almost everywhere.

"While going in the bazaar I saw numerous sweetmeat sellers and venders of other eatables. Most of these were rotten and unfit for being eaten. I went to the Health Officer and told him all I saw in the market. He deputed two Sanitary Inspectors and a few Constables to go to the bazaar and they found out that my report was perfectly true. In compliance with their order all rotten articles that would have caused havoc among the people were soon flowing along with the river current.

"Cholera generally breaks out at Hardwar during the hot season causing the untimely deaths of many pilgrims. The cholera germs are found in dirty drains and *Nalas* carrying dark and bad smelling water to the Ganges. The devoted Hindus, having a great regard for their Mother Ganges, generally use the Ganges water and fall an easy prey to this horrible disease. We began to deliver lectures to the mass on the utility of getting themselves inoculated. Most of them objected that they were unwilling to get poisonous drugs into their blood. We got ourselves inoculated before the mass and thus induced them to follow our examples, showing that such injections were totally harmless. The result was that hundreds of men were inoculated the same day. Thus the outbreak of cholera was stopped.

"We went from one Dharamshala to another putting Potassium Permanganate into the wells.

"We now entered the small houses overcrowded with poor pilgrims. These were generally dirty. We helped the managers in disinfecting their houses, thus insuring inmates against epidemics.

"The Mela safely came to an end and the pilgrims left the station quite satisfied with the good arrangement of the Volunteers and the Local Authorities."

## "Our Book"

The story, "A Box of Fruit," is quoted from *Our Book, Our Very Own Book*, a volume made up entirely of original writings of Junior Red Cross members throughout the world. The high level of original composition makes it interesting to use in developing pupils' talents in creative writing. As more than thirty countries are represented, the book also furnishes admirable supplementary reading for geography. The service motive expressed in a considerable number of the selections, and the fact that the volume represents a piece of international collaboration of Junior Red Cross members from all quarters of the earth give further values.

The National Headquarters offices (Washington, St. Louis, and San Francisco) have a good supply of these volumes on hand now. They cost fifty cents apiece. The book has 190 pages and is attractively printed and bound in boards covered in gray paper with the title printed in red.

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

October • 1938

## Mouseknees

WILLIAM C. WHITE

Illustrations by Avery Johnson

PART I

**W**HERE he got the name no one knew, but no one called him by any other. He was eleven years old, and all his life he had lived on the West Indian island of Tobago, one of the loveliest but one of the remotest islands. He was as slim as a young palm tree and the color of deep and shining brown tropical wood, and when he smiled it was like a flash of sea foam.

A small boat, the *Hollins*, calls weekly at Tobago. It never comes without bringing a few guests for the Francis Drake Hotel, the one hotel on the island. As it came into the harbor of Scarborough one Saturday morning, Mouseknees was on the veranda of the hotel. If he could move ten feet to the lawn he could see the *Hollins*, and he wanted to see the boat more than anything, but he did not dare move. He had a job to do and he had to do it, the work of sweeping the long veranda. As he swept he felt more and more angry, but he had to go on sweeping because Beverly Pigeon, a big boy of fifteen, the boss of the "downstairs boys" at the hotel, was standing where he could see the boat and at the same time keep an eye on Mouseknees.

"She in soon," Pigeon said generously, as if he were letting Mouseknees in on a secret.

"Please let me come see."

"No, sir, you gotta sweep. An' don't miss under the benches, either."

"Just let me come for a minute!"

"No, sir. You stop sweepin', I tell Mrs. Hudson—!"

That was enough to make Mouseknees

sweep faster. Mrs. Hudson ran the hotel. It was she who chose the "upstairs boys," the ones who worked in the dining room, far from the control of Pigeon, the boys who had the best jobs around the place, who never had to sweep, who never had to transplant anthurium lilies and hibiscus in the garden, who could watch the boat coming in.

"She droppin' anchor," Pigeon said. It was fun to tease Mouseknees.

Mouseknees only swept harder and faster. At least he would be able to meet the hotel automobile and to look at the new guests. He never tired of seeing these strange people who came from some world across the water. Of that world he knew little except that he had heard that there were no blue-green bays there, no palm groves, no chance to dive into running surf a dozen times a day. Certainly, a world without these things must be an unattractive place.

"The bumboat's bringin' the passengers ashore," Pigeon announced, still enjoying himself.

Mouseknees, still sad, remembered that he could look forward to something. "When the new people come here I see them."

"No, sir," Pigeon said pleasantly. "When they come you be in the garden plantin' flowers. Mrs. Hudson say they have to be in today."

That was true. Mrs. Hudson had said that, but Mouseknees had hoped that Pigeon would forget it. He pushed the broom viciously under the stationary tables. Some day, some



day, he would be an upstairs boy, able to look down on Pigeon. Mrs. Hudson only wanted boys there who knew how to pick up their feet and how to use their hands as if they were hands and not fish-nets. Pigeon would never be an upstairs boy, never.

"Mouseknees—!"

He turned around quickly. Mrs. Hudson was standing a few feet away. She was looking at him in a funny way, beginning down at his bare feet, then looking him over to the top of his head. Then she said, "There are some extra guests coming today and I shall need help in the dining room. Would you like to try, Mouseknees?"

His grin flashed in the sun. "Yes, ma'am."

Pigeon was listening. "How 'bout me, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hudson laughed. "You'd drop the first dish you touched. Do you think you could do it, Mouseknees?"

"Yes, ma'am!" That was a squeal.

"I think you're big enough," Mrs. Hudson said with a trace of uncertainty. "You'll have to get a pair of long pants somewhere."

"Can get, ma'am." He had to convince her

before she would change her mind. "Can get sure."

"Very well," Mrs. Hudson smiled pleasantly. "Run home and get the pants. Pigeon, you finish sweeping." She walked away.

With his head spinning, his face shining, Mouseknees said, "Here's the broom, Pigeon." Pigeon took it and scowled. Then for a moment Mouseknees stood on the lawn and looked down at the harbor. "You right, Pigeon. The boat is in. You better sweep faster and don't miss the benches."

Before Pigeon could throw an orange peel at him, he scampered off down the road, humming something about "Upstairs boy."

He lived with his family a half mile from the hotel in a little two-room house. His mother was usually home, but this time, of all times, the house was deserted. His father was working down at the harbor, but Mouseknees was not sure he could find him.

For the first time, Mouseknees admitted to himself that it might not be easy to get long pants, long khaki pants which all the upstairs boys wore. Even if his father had any money to buy material, making the pants would take time. And Mrs. Hudson could change her mind before then. He stood in the little room uncertain what to do, still humming "Upstairs boy, upstairs boy." He knew one thing he could do, but he was not sure that he dared do it. "Upstairs boy, upstairs boy," he repeated; then he went to a small trunk that lay under a bed. In it were a pair of khaki pants which his father wore on Sundays. He took them out and measured them against himself. His father was a small man, and they fitted Mouseknees in a few places, but they were nine inches too long. Nine inches of trouser leg between him and an upstairs job! With a knife from the table drawer, he cut as carefully as he could, and pieces of cloth fell from each trouser leg. He could explain to his father later; he would understand what being an upstairs boy meant.

He came back to the hotel proudly. New guests were on the veranda, and he could walk in front of them with his long trousers. More important was to find someone who would appreciate what that meant. He went first to Mrs. Hudson.

She looked at him and laughed. "Gracious, Mouseknees, you look as if you were wearing a fallen balloon."

"Yes, ma'am." He was afraid that she would disapprove. The pants did not fit as well around the waist as he had first thought,



His grin flashed in the sun. "Yes, Ma'am"



With all speed he ran down the road, the trousers flapping around his ankles

but cutting there with a knife would only make them worse. But Mrs. Hudson said nothing else, and with chest out and chin in, and very conscious of the strange feeling of cloth around his ankles, he went to find Pigeon.

Pigeon was under a tree in the garden, watching some of the downstairs boys transplant flowers. "Where you get the pants?" he asked, with more scorn than curiosity in his voice. "They look like sails from an old boat."

"I'm an upstairs boy now," Mouseknees said with sufficient superiority.

"Huh!" Pigeon ignored the inference. "You think you big? You not so big."

"I am big," Mouseknees said, as if it should be self-evident.

Pigeon shook his head. "How big is big, Mouseknees?"

Some answer was necessary, but Mouseknees could think of none.

"Come on," Pigeon insisted, "how big is big?"

"I'm big," Mouseknees said.

"Ain't I bigger than you?"

"Yeah." That had to be admitted.

"Well then, that makes you little. And how can you be little and big at the same time?"

It puzzled Mouseknees. "My brother, three years old, he's littler than me. Don't that make me big?"

"Ain't I bigger than you?" Pigeon asked,

as if he knew all the answers.

Mouseknees nodded slowly.

"Well, don't that make you little?"

Big, little, little, big, and how big is big? The question troubled him through the rest of the morning. Pigeon was jealous; he had never been an upstairs boy, he never would be. But that only explained Pigeon; it did not answer the question, and he wanted an answer.

Mrs. Hudson called the upstairs boys together before lunch and explained the work. She was particularly interested in seeing that Mouseknees understood his duties. "You will help with the dishes," she said. "Remember to put them on the tray on the serving table and take them from the table one at a time and don't pile them on each other. And let the other boys handle all the food and the water." Many other instructions followed. "Now, have you any questions?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mouseknees said timidly. "How big is big?"

Mrs. Hudson did not hear it clearly. "You keep your mind on the dishes."

In the short time before lunch was ready, Mouseknees talked with the other boys in the upstairs squad. None of them told him that they were glad he was working with them. None of them offered any suggestions or advice. All of them, unanimously, were interested in only one question: "Where did you get those pants?"

Bevlan, one of the older boys said, "I bet they're his father's. You can see where he cut off the trousers."

Mouseknees said nothing, but felt uneasy.

"What I want to see," Glumper, the leader of the boys said, "is Mouseknees after his father finds out what he did with the pants."

To that moment that had not concerned Mouseknees very much. He had had too many other things to think about. Now he was not so sure that his father would understand what being an upstairs boy might mean. Yet he was a big boy and he deserved long pants. Or was he a little boy? Or how big was big, and what would his father do when he found his Sunday pants were ruined?

The first guests came into the dining room and there was no more time to think about that now, but Mouseknees did not feel any more confident. He had to stop thinking about everything except his eagerness to show Mrs. Hudson that he could work with the upstairs boys and make no mistakes.

Four people sat down at the table to which he was assigned, two couples, newcomers, just arrived that morning. Glumper had charge of the table, and Mouseknees watched very carefully everything that was done. When it was time to remove the dishes, he took them away as he had been told, never dropping anything, not so much as a fork. He became a little more confident.

The guests were nice to him. They smiled pleasantly and they even asked him questions about himself, but he could only smile in re-

turn and retreat behind a bashful, "Yes, ma'am."

Then one of the ladies at the table said, "Will you please give me some water?"

He saw that her glass was empty. He looked around for Glumper but he was in the kitchen. The water pitcher was on the serving table and it would be simple to pour a glass. He took up the pitcher carefully, feeling so experienced, and reached for her glass, just as he had seen Glumper do.

And the lady smiled. And she said to her companion, "Look, Madeleine, see what a lovely little boy he is—!"

He heard just one word in that sentence and the pitcher trembled in his hand.

"So small—!" The other woman nodded.

And the water pitcher fell from Mouseknees' hand. The water went down the lady's front and the pitcher itself landed in her lap.

She screamed, "Ough!"

The men at the table laughed, then reached for napkins.

Feeling hot and cold, Mouseknees could not move from the spot. Already some of the boys were bringing napkins and a heavy barrage of dark looks hit Mouseknees. In a minute Mrs. Hudson would be in the room. "Oh, ma'am, oh, ma'am," he managed to say.

Then he could stay no longer. With all speed he ran from the dining room and down to the veranda and down the road and down to the wharf, the trousers flapping around his ankles.

*(To be concluded next month)*

## Honorable Goats

THE BOY on the cover lives in Gruyère in Switzerland. In Gruyère, the place your cheeses come from, goats are honored, because centuries ago they saved their home town from destruction.

Gruyère sits in the sunshine on a hilltop, with meadows sloping from it on one side, and on the other a deep, forested valley with a stream running through it.

There was a legend that this valley was the home of elves, friendly to the town and its dwellers, but hostile to its enemies. At night the elves could be detected flitting through the woods in the form of flames, which probably were gases from the damp, rotting trees.

One time when the strong men of the town

were off on a war and only women, old people and children were left, a band of highwaymen came at nightfall to drive away the herds of cattle in which Gruyère was rich.

From the walls of the town the frightened women saw them coming. What to do? As darkness deepened they brought out their store of tallow candles, and after tying them firmly between the goat's horns, they lighted them and drove the animals through the gates onto the meadows.

The goats, terrified by the flickering flames all around them rushed wildly down hill, and the cattle thieves, seeing the lights, thought the wood-elves were after them and took to their heels. So the town was saved.—A. M. U.



# Camp in Monkeyland

WALTER J. WILWERDING

Illustrations by the Author

**M**Y FIRST real jungle camp in East Africa was near the Ruvu River. I had camped in many wild places in Africa before this, but much of East Africa is grass plains or veldt. I had purposely avoided camping in jungles, for they are usually not very healthy places. But one can best study jungle life by camping there, so I at last decided on a jungle camp.

I confess that I did not care much about the Ruvu jungle at first sight. It was shaded and damp in appearance. The whole lower jungle underneath the tall, spreading trees, was thickly overgrown. Dense thickets of young date-palms grew everywhere. Their spiky, shiny green leaves added to the tropical appearance of the place. It looked like the home of poisonous snakes and pythons. It also looked like a place in which one might die of jungle fever.

My wife was with me and we were none too sure that we wanted to put up a camp here. Walking near the edge of the jungle, I looked beyond to a stretch of thorny country, and thought I would rather camp there. But our natives were already busy with their pangas, or bush knives, clearing a camping place. Once cleared, it looked more inviting.

Underneath the dead leaves and other rot-



Monkeys crowded the branches overhead

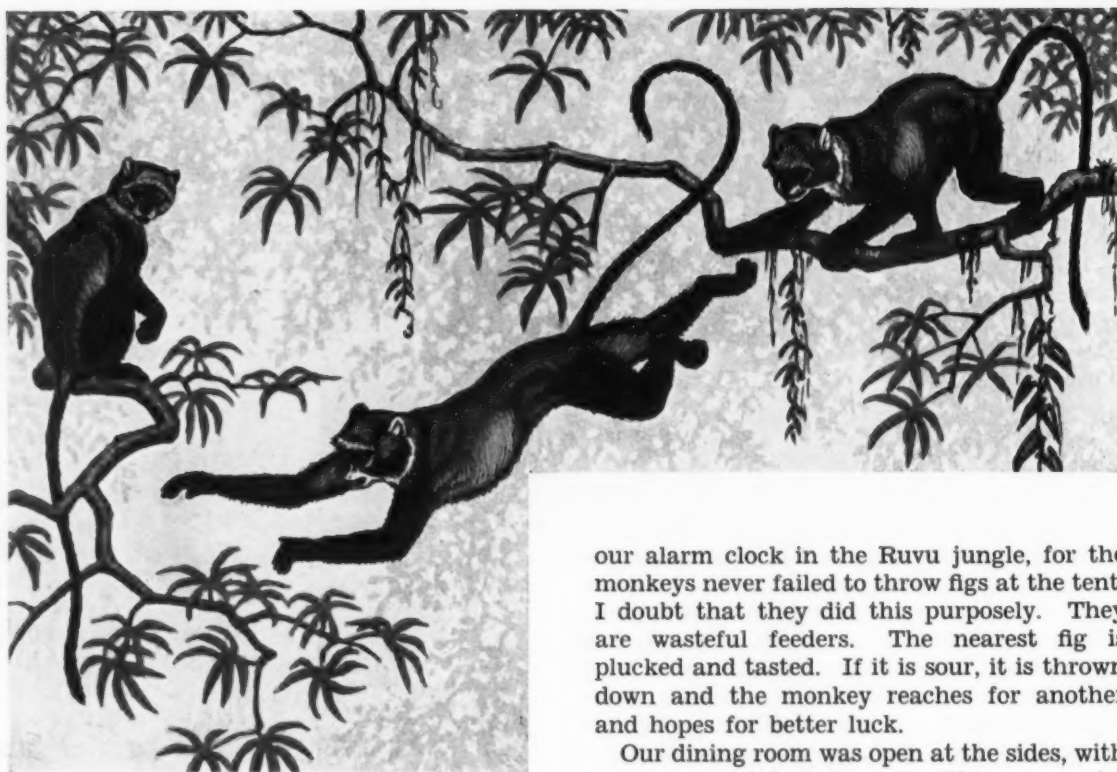
ting rubbish on the jungle floor, there were many little, pink scorpions, but the natives cleared away much of this molded refuse and our tents went up.

Already, I was becoming more pleased with the place, for we had visitors as we worked. Monkeys came by the dozens to watch the new neighbors move in. They crowded the branches overhead, coming as close as they could on the lower branches. There were monkeys of all ages and sizes. They were apparently without fear, for they seemed as tame as squirrels in a park, and stayed about to watch us prepare camp.

I knew then, that this was the place I had been seeking for a long time. I had come to East Africa to study the animal life and to paint pictures of the birds and animals.

My studies would not have been complete, if I had not included monkeys. Other places, I had seen monkeys. I had often come upon them when on safari, but I had never had a chance to see them closely. Here was the place where I would be able to learn how monkeys lived. I was delighted with the prospect.

There were two kinds of monkeys here: blue, or Sykes' monkeys, and green guenons.



It was the blue monkeys who were so friendly and so curious about us. The green monkeys stayed at a distance, watching us from roosts in tall acacia trees.

The blue monkey is not really blue, but his sides and chest are gray like a Maltese cat or a blue-gray rabbit. His back is olive-brown and his legs are black. His ears are not bare, as on many monkeys, but are covered with a fringe of gray hair. His tail is exceedingly long for his size. A full-grown blue monkey, when seated, is about nineteen inches high from the root of the tail to the top of the head. The tail is twenty-seven inches long. His thumbs are short. On the forehead ridge of the head, above the eyes, the hair is long and extends forward like heavy eyebrows, which gives this monkey a very serious expression. Our natives called this monkey, Nkima, pronounced en-kee-ma.

We soon found out why the monkeys gathered here in such large numbers. We had camped under their dining room. Our tents were under a huge wild fig tree, and clusters of the fruit hung thickly overhead.

We were awakened at dawn the first morning by the sound of figs that were thrown against the tight tent-cloth. This was always

our alarm clock in the Ruvu jungle, for the monkeys never failed to throw figs at the tent. I doubt that they did this purposely. They are wasteful feeders. The nearest fig is plucked and tasted. If it is sour, it is thrown down and the monkey reaches for another and hopes for better luck.

Our dining room was open at the sides, with a canvas stretched above it. This was a wise precaution. Every few days we had to remove the heap of green or half-eaten figs that accumulated on the dining room roof, for the canvas sagged so much in the middle that it caught water when it rained. Without that canvas overhead, I think we often would have had figs in our soup.

These monkeys did not live entirely on wild figs. They ate tender leaves and shoots, berries, nuts and insects. I am afraid that they also robbed birds of their eggs. Most monkeys eat anything that is edible. The blue monkeys raided the gardens of the natives and often stole corn and bananas.

The natives of this district set traps for the monkeys under the wild fig trees. These traps were crate-like things, constructed of sticks, to catch the monkeys alive.

It is not nice to think about, but the captured monkeys went into the natives' cooking pots. They caught none while we were there. I do not like traps, and it was easy to kick the props out from underneath them.

We rarely saw a blue monkey on the ground, but, one day, my wife was walking in the jungle and stopped to look at some bright, red seeds on a vine, when a monkey came scamp-ering through a thicket of palms. He must have come seeking those brightly-colored



seeds. He was as surprised to see my wife as she was surprised to see him. Putting on his brakes at once, he turned quickly and scurried away.

At meal times, we enjoyed the monkey circus most. We would sit at the table and amuse ourselves by watching the antics of the monkeys. After their breakfast of wild figs, there was always much playing. They chased each other through the branches in a game that resembled tag.

They also played follow-the-leader. One monkey would run along a branch and jump to another springy branch below, which formed a sort of bed of spreading twigs and leaves. He would bounce up and down and other monkeys would follow him and repeat this.

If one jumped too soon and landed on another below, there was a fight at times. Then the first one would chase the offender through the trees until he caught him.

At once, monkeys came running and jumping from all directions to watch the fight. They climbed to the highest branches to get a good view. It was always this way when two monkeys settled a dispute.

In the middle of the day, the monkeys rested. It was then very hot and the monkeys sought cool places under thick clusters of leaves. Here they gathered in little family groups. The mothers would groom their little ones. Males would stretch lazily on a branch, while their mates went carefully over their fur. These monkeys were very clean in appearance and always looked well groomed.

We were much interested in seeing how the monkeys had regular roads in the trees. They



always followed the same branches in going from one tree to another and when traveling from one feeding place to another.

In the late afternoon, when the monkeys again became active, we often saw or heard them at their game of drumming. One after the other ran along a branch that would strike a hollow limb when they jumped on it. This made a booming sound and, when one after the other jumped on the branch, it would go boom, boom, boom!

There was one such drumming tree in sight of camp where we could watch them. Another, farther in the jungle, was used in like manner, for we often heard the hollow booming sound. Monkeys really do not drum on hollow logs while others dance, as some people imagine. This was just one of their games. I think they liked the hollow booming sound.

Some places along their roads in the tree-tops, the monkeys had to jump some distance from one tree to another. There was one such jumping place near our camp and another place where they jumped across the river. The old monkeys would go sailing through the air with their long tails streaming behind.

The little fellows, not to be left behind,



gathered themselves and jumped for all they were worth. They would land on the opposite branch, clutching desperately at leaves and twigs with both hands and both feet. They did not dare miss at the river jump, for the river was full of crocodiles.

After their drink at the river, the monkeys came to the tall trees to roost for the night. They were very orderly about this and there was no fuss or whimpering among the young ones. They chose the highest branches of the trees for their roosts, where no heavy animals, like the leopard, could climb and pounce upon them when they were asleep.

I often saw them going to bed in the evening and some trees would have a little furry bundle in every crotch.

We have a friend who lives in East Africa and he had blue monkeys for pets. He told us that they made the most lovable pets of all the monkeys, never getting irritable and trying to bite, as do the green guenons.

The green guenons have greenish-olive backs. Underneath, they are lighter and the hair is thin. One can see the skin through this thin hair and it is bright greenish-blue in color. They have long, light colored hair about their black faces, and look as if they cannot be trusted. Their tails are also very long. Though they are about the size of the blue monkeys, they are more slender of build.

Our natives called them Tumbili, pronounced tum-bee-lee.

Green guenons spend most of their time on the ground, grubbing about for roots, bulbs and insects. Because of their ground-loving habits, they are much more nervous than the blue monkeys. On the ground, they have many enemies waiting to pounce upon them, and they must always be on the alert. I think it is because of this that they were not as trusting as the blue monkeys, for we could never get close to the green guenons.

When we came near a place where the green

guenons were grubbing, they would stand stiffly erect on their hind legs to peer at us above the high grass tops. If we tried to approach, they at once went away with long leaps that covered the ground with surprising speed.

At different times we came upon green guenons that were grubbing about among the huge rocks that dotted the bare mountainsides. They could run up the smooth, rounded faces of big rocks as if they had suction pads on their feet. When pursued, they frequently climbed into high, yellow barked acacia trees to find refuge among the thorn-studded branches. They seemed to know that no one cared to follow them into those thorny branches.

I never saw green guenons in large troops, like the blue monkeys. The green guenons were always in small groups of about a half dozen which I think were family parties. They are apparently not as sociable as the blue monkeys and the two kinds never mix, though the blue monkeys were on excellent terms with the baboons that lived in the same district.

Leopards often preyed on the green guenons.

Time and again, I have seen these monkeys jumping from one bush to another, following a leopard at a safe distance, who was sneaking through the underbrush below. No doubt, the big, spotted cat had caught one of their number and they were following along, chattering and scolding, but too small to do anything about it.

If you want to see monkeys as they really live, you must go to the Ruvu jungle. I know of no better place in which to study monkeys. Some day I hope I may go back and see them again. There were no dull days in the Ruvu jungle. No scorpions stung us, nor did we have fever. It really turned out to be a most beautiful and interesting camping place.

## Postman Wind

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Gaily flinging right and left,  
Crimson, gold and brown,  
October Wind comes scattering  
Bright mail across the town.

I caught a lovely maple leaf,  
And tried to read it over,  
I sensed the message was quite brief;—  
About next spring and clover.

Something it told of winter days,  
And resting time. 'Twas odd  
To know that my own fingers held  
A message signed by God.



SOVPHOTO

Ivan Papinin, the head of the expedition, with the mascot

## Adrift on a Polar Floe

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND



GIMBEL BROS., N. Y.

This stamp was issued in the U. S. S. R. to honor the scientists

**T**HERE were no landmarks on the ice field in the vicinity of the North Pole and the four men who were camped there in the summer of 1937 could not locate their position until the Arctic autumn twilight en-

abled them to sight by the stars. When they were able to take observations they found that the floe was drifting rapidly in the current that swings around the Polar basin and thence turns south toward the east coast of Greenland.

On the drift into warmer waters the floe, that had covered a wide area during the summer, would crack, separate into ice cakes, gradually dissolve and perhaps melt beneath the campers' feet. Already there were distant rumbles and cracklings on the horizon as pans split away from the mass or pressed together in ridges that caught the wind and increased the speed of the field's drift. In a storm the field would become a jumble of mountainous cakes swinging in whirlpools until they splintered the entire floe. The men could wireless their location, but it would take

many days for an airplane or an ice-breaker ship to reach their drifting camp.

The four men on the floe were Russian scientists who had planned to stay in the North Polar region for a year, make continuous studies of the weather, the ocean currents and magnetic variations at the top of the globe, and communicate by radio with airplanes on transpolar flights between Russia and North America. In order to make similar studies the famous Norwegian explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, had wedged his ship, the *Fram*, in the Polar ice field in 1893 and had drifted for four years from the New Siberia Islands to open water near the coast of Spitsbergen. The *Fram*, however, had started her voyage two hundred miles from the Pole, and these four scientists had planted their camp within a few miles of the Pole when they had first landed on the floe. They were all veteran Arctic explorers; the leader of the party was Ivan Papinin, and his companions were Eugene Federoff, Peter Shirshoff and Ernest Krenkel.

The expedition had been planned by Professor Otto Schmidt, that remarkable man who in 1933 had succeeded in transferring five score men, women, and children from the wrecked *Chelyuskin* to the ice field north of Wrangel Island, whence they were all rescued

by airplanes. Professor Schmidt was Chief of the Northern Sea Route of the Soviet Government, and his purpose in setting up the Polar camp was to further the development of commerce in Russia's vast Arctic territory by establishing shipping lanes and airways in those latitudes. From Prince Rudolf Island, the most northerly of the Russian bases in the Arctic, Professor Schmidt and his men had transported the camp equipment and food supplies for a year to the ice field by airplane in May, 1937, and then, on June sixth, had left the four scientists and their dog "Jolly" on the floe near the Pole and had himself returned to his headquarters in Moscow.

For shelter on the floe the four men had a fur-lined house, shaped like a small air-plane hangar, with canvas walls painted black on the outside to attract the warming rays of the sun and with a floor of rubber cushions that would float like a raft if the ice melted. To communicate with the outer world they had three radio transmitting stations, the largest with a capacity of seventy watts, the smallest with a capacity of ten watts. The power for these stations was supplied by a small wind-mill, and in case this could not be used the campers were also provided with a gasoline motor and a hand dynamo.

When the men looked from their camp in June the field was a plateau of dazzling white snow, crossed here and there by the inky lines of channels of water; the only moving objects on the landscape were occasional snow birds that winged across the sky. The nearest "land" was the bottom of the ocean, two and a half miles beneath the floe.

The men studied the weather and the winds with their instruments and sent daily wireless reports to the station in Moscow, whence they were broadcast as an aid to ship captains and aviators; they found that the air around the North Pole was at constantly low barometric pressure instead of at high pressure, as had been supposed; they sounded the ocean at various places, and, much to their surprise, brought up crabs, jellyfish and red crayfish in their nets. Through the summer the field remained intact; then the floe, dividing into segments, drifted south in the current that originated in the Mackenzie River of Canada and the great snow-flooded streams of Siberia.

There was plenty of food—much of it in the concentrated form of tablets or powders—for the voyagers on the ice floe, and their stores supplied them with bread, soups, jellies, milk, fruit, and various vegetables. The floor of the

house occasionally leaked, but the fur-lined walls and a little fuel kept the interior warm—never below fourteen degrees Fahrenheit—no matter how frigid the air might be outside. As they drifted south through the Polar sea they continued their scientific studies, readjusting their instruments constantly, and always maintaining contact from one of their radio transmitting stations with Professor Schmidt in Moscow.

Gradually the twilight deepened into Arctic night and the men had to take their observations in darkness lighted only by moon, stars and the aurora borealis. The floe on which they were camped had now broken completely away from the ice pack that covered the Pole and was traveling on a zigzag course through the Greenland Sea. The speed of the current in that sea had been charted by earlier geographers, but Ivan Papinin found that they had underestimated its velocity; on some days the drift was six or seven miles, and the further south they voyaged the more rapid became the current until they were traveling twelve miles a day.

Then came a storm that blotted out stars and moon; winds that rose rapidly to the fury of a blizzard swept down upon the floe, hammered the surface, cracked the edges and drove long fissures through the ice almost to the camp and the masts of the radio stations. In a short space the temperature fell to thirty, then to forty degrees below zero. Ice cold water flooded the floor of the house and the four men expected that the raft of rubber cushions would soon be their only foothold above the raging sea.

Yet Ernest Krenkel, who had been the wireless operator with Professor Schmidt on the ill-starred voyage of the *Chelyuskin*, kept flashing radio messages from the floe to Moscow, telling the situation of the camp in the Greenland Sea and describing the course of the blizzard that was sweeping south toward the North Atlantic steamship routes. At length the hurricane lessened and Commander Papinin and his comrades were able to see by a pale moonlight what had happened to their domain of snow and ice. They saw that the floe was now only half the size it had been before the storm and that channels were widening through it like snaky fingers greedy to clutch the camp.

The pressure ridges, moreover, now stood up above the roughened, corrugated surface like gigantic sails stretched before the wind, so that every gust made the floe rock and veer



like a rudderless ship. But though it spiraled like a corkscrew, it was still drifting, and with increasing speed, in the current that swept toward the east coast of Greenland and therefore into warmer waters and the region of the ocean where the icebergs, starting from land glaciers, join the ice pans that have traveled from the northern Arctic.

Each day now cakes of ice cracked off from the floe and became islands that churned against one another. The camp had drifted hundreds of miles from the Pole when a mid-winter hurricane descended from the north and quickly converted the floe into a seething, whirling mass of flying iceblocks and blinding snow. The house was battered by the hurtling cakes and almost ripped in pieces; some tents with supplies were blown away; the men thought that the pan on which they stood would surely crack asunder. For hours that hurricane lashed the floe; but when the wind had blown itself out the house was still standing. The ice pan, however, had been chopped away, so that it now measured only 200 by 300 yards.

Through the air went the messages to Moscow; and now Professor Schmidt was sending an airplane and two ice-breaker ships to try to rescue the four scientists.

Storm followed storm at short intervals in the Greenland Sea during January, 1938, and the next gale whittled the ice pan until it was only fifty by seventy yards in area and flooded the house so completely that the men by herculean efforts moved it to a higher site.

By February the ice pan had melted to about the size of a tennis court, for now the floe had reached the waters where the Irminger current, curving up from the North Atlantic around the west coast of Iceland, warms the Greenland Sea. To the west of the drifting camp lay the coast of Greenland, to the south Jan Mayen Island, but the course of the current wound far from either shore.

Professor Schmidt knew it would be difficult and probably impossible to land an airplane in the ice-cluttered waters near the



Building the ice observatory at the "North Pole Station"

SOVFOTO

camp. If the men were to be saved, their rescue should be attempted by ice-breaker ships that could ram their beaks through the barrier ice and so plow a road to the goal. Early in February, when the pan was drifting some 100 miles east of Greenland, the crews of the Russian ice-breakers *Murman* and *Taimyr* were searching the horizon for a glimpse of the camp while the aviator Vlasoff was trying to locate it from the air. At length Vlasoff sighted it, a tiny black speck on a grayish-white hummock.

Immediately he signaled to the ships and they corrected their course by his directions. Then for two days the *Murman* and the *Taimyr* plowed steadily ahead through the ice pack. Progress was slow, but on the third morning, February 19, 1938, the ships had fought their way within two miles of the camp.

By mid-day the ships were only one mile from their goal and the rescuers saw that it would be possible to reach the four men on foot as the cakes in that vicinity were packed tightly together. So eighty men, with a flag-bearer at their head, left the ice-breakers and marched across the floe. Simultaneously Ivan Papinin and his three companions, each waving a flag, set out for the ships.

It was a dramatic moment in history when the two parties met on the floe, for these four scientists and their dog had been camped on the ice pan for nine months and had traveled

(Continued on page 23)

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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## We Are Twenty-One

ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1917, President Wilson issued a Proclamation "To the School Children of the United States," telling them of the creation of the American Junior Red Cross "in which every pupil in the United States can find a chance to serve our country." "Our Junior Red Cross," he said, "will bring to you opportunities of service to your community and to other communities all over the world."

That was twenty-one years ago. Our Junior Red Cross is now of age. On our rolls we count 9,000,000 members, boys and girls of all ages. But that's only a dead figure unless each one makes it come alive through thought and action. In joining you say:

We believe in service for others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in world-wide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make its work successful in our school, and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands.

Think what that would mean if you made it part of your everyday life. For one thing you would have a feeling of fellowship with

millions of other boys and girls in your own country and in countries all around the world. You'd think twice before saying anything unkind about those of other nationalities, other races, other faiths. You would try to understand their point of view, to respect their rights and their ideas. You would watch yourself for prejudice and bias, and feel ashamed if you caught yourself showing these ugly traits. You would try to build and keep a healthy body, not just for your own sake but for the sake of others as well. You would not be satisfied until you found some way to help at home, at school, in this country and abroad. Suppose, for example, each one of the 9,000,000 American Juniors denied himself something so as to give just one cent to help the war-stricken children of China or Spain.

In short, if every Junior becomes in fact a practicing member, if every Junior lives up to the pledge he takes in joining, then that 9,000,000 will not be just a figure. It will stand for a great force in our country. That's a thought to grow on, now we are twenty-one.

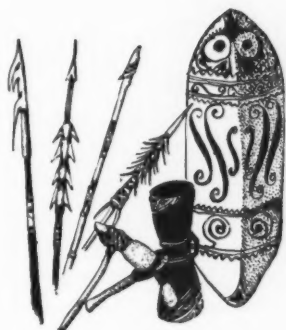
## The Calendar Picture

THE IDEA of thanksgiving for harvests is a very old one.

The Calendar picture shows a custom of parts of Czechoslovakia which is also a custom in other countries of Europe. The woman who binds the last sheaf is known as the Baba, though sometimes the Baba is a doll made from the grain and decorated with flowers and ribbons. The great harvest wreath and the Baba are placed in a farm wagon with decorated rakes and scythes at the head of a procession to the home of the landowner. Ribbons are braided in the horses' manes and tails and everyone wears his gayest clothes. The farmer welcomes the laborers, who present him with the wreath and congratulate him on a good harvest. Then he invites the reapers to a feast and everyone sings, dances and makes merry. In some parts of the country, people celebrate the last day of harvest by dressing in gala attire and carrying decorated sheaves to the village square. Then the reapers sing, dance, eat and drink. Special cakes are made for this occasion. Sometimes they are large, sometimes small. They are always square, however, and filled with delicious plum jam, or a toothsome stuffing of sweetened cheese or poppyseed.

Mimeographed copies of the index for the 1937-38 News may be had by writing National Headquarters or Branch Offices.

# Something to Read



## Tilio, a Boy of Papua

RUDOLPH  
VOORHOEVE

Lippincott: \$1.75  
(Ages 6 to 8)

TILIO was born in a very small village in the jungle of New Guinea, that large mysterious island off the coast of Australia. His father was a chief, and Tilio was very proud because his father was the bravest, strongest and wisest man in the tribe.

When Tilio was about seven years old, some fierce warriors from another tribe, called Waris, attacked the village, killed the men, and captured the others. Tilio really did not mind being with the Waris. The Waris treated their prisoners well, and let them walk around freely.

But when a loud explosion frightened the Waris into the jungle, and when Tilio was caught and brought before a strange being such as he had never seen before, he really was frightened. This creature was not black like the people Tilio had known, he was a pale brown, and his shapeless body seemed to be green and black. He had no proper feet, but black formless stumps. However, when Tilio was given some food, he was not afraid any more. A few days later, when the creature went into the water, and unwound its green and black wrappings, Tilio saw he had been mistaken. It was a human being after all, not a spirit, and it really had toes and left a footprint like anyone else's. It was a white man, named Hassan.

The white man was kind to Tilio, and gave him fine presents. They crossed the water, and came to a place where there was a large town, with a school. Tilio went to the school for a while, but he was unhappy away from the woods. So he ran away, with another little boy, and went back to his home. There he grew up to be a chief, and led his people to live in a village by the sea, where they could be safe from their enemies.

## Roller Skates

RUTH SAWYER

Viking Press: \$2.00 (Ages 10 to 12)

THE YEAR she was ten was the best year Lucinda could remember. Her parents decided to go to Italy and leave her more or less on her own, at Miss Peters' house in New York of the nineties.

Mr. Gilligan drove her in his hansom cab to Miss Peters'. Ordinarily, Lucinda had not been allowed to make friends with people like Mr. Gilligan. But now, before they parted, Mr. Gilligan had invited her to come and have currant bread and tea with him and Mrs. Gilligan, and Lucinda had completely lost her heart to him.

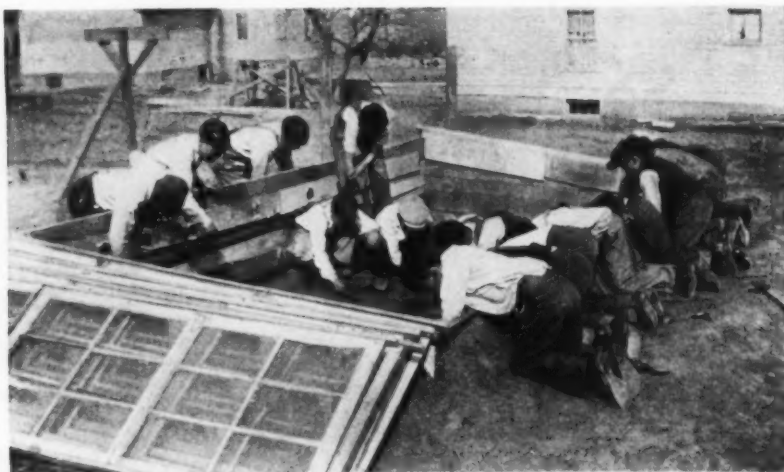
She more or less ran wild that year. Back and forth to school she flew on her roller skates (this was a new privilege), and after school she was free to go exploring with them again. She made some strange friends. Really, they were quite a collection, and Lucinda adored them all. One was Tony, whose father kept a fruit stand. One was Louis Sherry, who was just beginning to be famous, and who always gave Lucinda a little bag of his delicious candy when she came calling. One was the Princess Zayda: that was not her real name, but she was a beautiful Eastern lady, who wore clothes, and lived in a place, such as Lucinda had never seen—both looked as if they belonged in the Arabian Nights.

Then there was Mr. Night Owl, a newspaper man, who took Lucinda to the circus, and dear Uncle Earle, who put Lucinda up to being independent, and who introduced her to the joys of knowing Mr. William Shakespeare.

In the block near Tony's stand was a toy-stationery - and - tobacco shop, which the Schultzes ran. When she went in, she always did something that made the Schultzes laugh, and gave her a great deal of satisfaction. She went around the shop and undid all the fastenings on the jack-in-the-boxes. Out they would pop with a squeak, flap their silly hands, and grin at Lucinda. Lucinda would always grin back and say the same thing to each one: "There, I bet you that feels good!"

That year Lucinda was like a Jack-out-of-his-box.—C. E. W.





Rosebud 4-H members building hot beds

U. S. INDIAN SERVICE

## Beavers, Dams and Turkeys

**A**S WE often hear these days, we, the American people, have been wasteful of our great natural resources. Now all over the country we are working hard to save our soil, bring back our forests, prevent floods and in other ways stop wastes and build up as far as possible the heritage that is important to all the boys and girls of the nation. On the Indian reservations much conservation work has been done. And boys and girls have had a share in some of it. From the boarding school on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, we have received three articles written by young conservationists of the Sioux tribe.

One of the conservation agents being put to work by the government is the beaver. Beavers are caught alive in big wire traps and transported from places where they are plentiful to places from which they have disappeared but can be useful. As soon as they are resettled, they promptly begin building the dams that will hinder soil washing and thus help build up the land. There are several of these dams now on the Rosebud school property.

Leo McBride, who is fond of long rambles by himself, wrote about them:

Last year and the first part of this year I spent some of my leisure hours walking about the little creek and observing the little dams made by a few beavers that live along its banks. It has always been my wish to see

them at their work, but unfortunately, I have not yet been able to get even a peek at them. They are so shy, and I have not the patience to overcome their shyness.

I am very interested in the work that these little animals do. They are considered a nuisance by some farmers, because they sometimes dam irrigation ditches, but these men do not consider the good that the beavers do by their work of preserving the little streams here on the reservation, and elsewhere, too. They are preserving the little streams that would otherwise have gone down the rivers and maybe into the oceans washing along the good soil and doing other damage. By preserving the streams, they are raising the water level, now so low. Birds, fish and stock may get the benefit of the water conserved by these animals.

The dams are constructed of small tree trunks and limbs of the water willows, mud and other trash that will hold the water back.

These several dams will irrigate three or more acres of garden land this year. This will be after deducting loss from seepage and evaporation. A good garden can be grown successfully on fifteen to eighteen inches of wet soil, plus the rainfall of this area.

These beavers, if not disturbed at their work, will preserve more water each year, and this water utilized in an irrigation project will do us a lot of good.

I think I do not have to go into detail and

tell about irrigation. You all know that by means of irrigation, many crops which could not otherwise have been raised are raised successfully.

On this Rosebud reservation in the various communities where community gardens, by means of irrigation were worked out so successfully, we can see the value and importance of beaver dams.

Robert Forman, author of the second article, is in the third year of high school. He told about his experience with one of the Indian Emergency Conservation Work projects on an Indian reservation. He worked with the IECW for two years before coming to the school:

I have worked on several IECW projects and I have learned quite a little from my experience working on these projects.

Some of the work I liked and some I disliked, but I guess there is a good and a bad side to every job.

Although I was younger than most of the workers, they treated me as though I were just as old as they were.

The first project I worked on was about twelve miles south of Hidden Timber, South Dakota. We were putting in a dam in a small creek. It was boggy in places, but it wasn't bad. There were many springs which made it bad for us. We first made a small dam across the creek above where we were going to build the big dam. There were three ditches to be dug across the bottom of the creek where the dam was to be built. One ditch on the face of the dam, one on the back and one through the center. This was to keep the water from seeping under the dam. All of the sod had to be stripped off so the water would not get through the dam so easily. Getting the sod off wasn't so bad.

But when we were digging the ditches near where it was bad, the water kept running in, we had to throw dirt in and then pull it out with fresnoes to get the water out, and before we were through it would be time to quit. So we finally started to work at seven

o'clock one morning and worked all day without any dinner and we got the ditches full. We then stripped off all the sod from both sides of the creek so we could get dirt for the dam. It was sandy and the wind was blowing, and we all had sore lips from the wind and sand. We had to wear glasses so the sand wouldn't get into our eyes. I surely was glad to begin hauling rock for the face of the dam. It was hard work, but it was a lot better than working on the dam.

I can say one thing: that not one of the men complained or was cross during all that time when they were asked to work overtime. They never said a word except "it's all right with me."

This project was of benefit for the people living in that community as it made a good place to water their stock, and if it were stocked with fish in a few years it would be a swell place to fish.

I also worked on an irrigation project about two and one-half miles south of White River, South Dakota. It was very dry during the time I worked there, and the wind blew all the time. I worked for a while digging irrigation ditches. The ditches were dug flat at the bottom and slanting at the sides. The dirt dug from the ditches was piled along the sides of the ditches and tamped down with a block on the end of a pole. The sides and the bottom were also tamped so the water would not seep through so easily.

Here also, I found a very nice lot of men to work with. They were all good-natured and seldom cross.

I believe that if the government employees



Digging as a preparation for stone masonry for a spillway on an Oklahoma Shawnee reservation

that work in the offices would start from the bottom and work up as a common laborer, both Indian and white office employees would appreciate the conditions of the average Indians and both would be more satisfied.

Many Indian boys and girls belong to the 4-H clubs of the Department of Agriculture. The first H stands for training the head to think, the second, for training the heart to sympathize, the third H for training the hand to execute the thought of the head, the fourth H is for health to resist disease. William Little Tail wrote:

Two years ago when I went to school at Soldier Creek Day School on Rosebud, my teacher, Mr. Keller, planned on having two clubs for the school children. So the boys of Soldier Creek got together and organized two clubs. One of them was a garden club, the other one was a junior cooperative turkey club.

Any boy or girl who had reached the age of ten, or was not over twenty on January first of that year, might enroll. At that time I was thirteen years old. I was made the president of the club, and Adrian Fast Dog was the vice president. My brother Alfred was the secretary, and the treasurer was Nicodemus Slow Fly, with Mr. Keller the reporter.

There were six members of our club. After we organized we read about turkeys. We got the pamphlets from Brookings, South Dakota. We each had a record book in which to keep track of things bought and sold. On March first we started to build a turkey pen so the turkeys wouldn't get away. Then we got thirteen turkeys. We had to watch them very closely at first. We kept getting more until there were one hundred and seventy. We let them out in the field, so that they could get grass, grasshoppers and other things. Then there were so many we boys had to build a bigger turkey pen. Adrian Fast Dog and Tyler Muggins built four turkey houses and a turkey shed, too. We built the turkey pens so they could be moved from place to place each year so that the little turkeys wouldn't get any disease like blackhead.

Our teacher, Mr. Keller, sold the turkey eggs in Valentine. When we wanted the eggs for hatching, we used one-day-old eggs. If we bought eggs for hatching they cost twenty cents each. All summer I worked at that club. I live five miles from the school, so I had a walk of ten miles a day besides the work. Sometimes I worked in my father's place in the community garden, besides helping with the turkeys. I worked fifty hours in the

turkey club. When Mr. Keller sold the turkeys, he received \$152.15 for them. The boys' share was \$110.15. The school's share was \$42.00. My share was \$21.00, which was forty-two cents an hour for my toil.

The way we got these stories from Rosebud was this: We asked a writer to do us an article on the subject of conservation work in Indian schools and he said why not have it done by the students themselves. He said he would find the writers for us, and we said we would pay for the material at the rate we had offered him. This is what William Little Tail wrote about the matter in the Lakota, the magazine published by the Roosevelt High School:

One December evening, Conrad Muggins and I went into Miss Corbin's classroom. Miss Corbin asked me if I knew anything about turkeys. I told her that I was one of the 4-H turkey club members.

She asked me if I could write about my work in the 4-H Club, so I said, "Yes."

The next morning she gave me some paper and told me to start in writing, so I wrote one, and then lost it, so I had to begin all over again. This time I gave it to Miss Corbin as soon as it was finished. I had gone home in the meantime and brought back my 4-H Club record book and could tell how much I made at the work.

Well, Miss Corbin had it typed and Miss Amsler sent it to Mr. Hulsizer in the Indian Office in Washington.

After I handed the story to Miss Corbin I forgot all about it. One Monday afternoon I went to the art room and Leo McBride came in and told me that Miss Amsler wanted to see me. I went up to the library and there were Miss Amsler, Leo and Robert Forman. She read a letter to us from a Red Cross woman saying that she was sending a check for twenty-five dollars to be divided among us. We bought some magazines from the Red Cross so we could see the stories next fall. I went home that evening and when I came back I received a check from Miss Amsler for \$7.10.

The following Saturday, I went to Mission and bought a cowboy hat for \$4.50. I bought some other things, too, and still have thirty cents in my pocket.

A copy of "Our Book, Our Very Own Book," a collection of stories, letters and pictures from Juniors all over the world, may be had by sending fifty cents to National Headquarters or your Branch Office.



## A Box of Fruit

**W**HAT speeches and discussions and lively meetings there were before the plan was finally worked out! When the idea of sending apples and pears to children in Ruthenia was offered at the time when the Junior Red Cross was organized, two camps were formed in the class. One camp, while perfectly willing to send fruit, wanted

something in return: They could very well send us a box of grapes;—They could very well send us a sack of nuts, said others. There was no lack of fantastic schemes. The future business men were ready to exchange our fruits for oranges from Italy, currants from Greece, bananas from Java and pineapples from California. It was only a question of finding out if there were Junior Red Cross organizations in those countries.

The other camp, on the contrary, only wanted the fun of sending the fruit, without asking any return. The month of September passed without a decision having been taken. But then everything went with a rush. Rustak, the president of the Junior group, had brought a case. It was scrubbed; it shone with cleanliness.

Rocnak and Simek, the secretary and the painter, marked in their best writing the address of the Red Cross Division at Mukacevo, where the case was to be sent. Other boys drew big red crosses on the sides of the case. Finally, the day for its dispatch arrived. It had been decided to send the case to the Mizini Rostoky school in the Mukacevo district, where there is no railway. We had been told that a car would take the case to its destination.



Taking the fruit to the station

Before the eyes of our boys passed the vision of the virgin forest crossed by a little cart drawn by little horses called "husules." The driver cracks his whip, he smokes a pipe and casts a glance behind at "our cases," "our presents," which are making such a long journey!

Nearly all the boys brought selected and well cleaned apples, the best they had.

The mouth watered at the sight of them. Also, Otik Karu, his eyes shining, couldn't help saying: "Just think, they will bite into them, the boys of Sub-Carpathian Russia."

The case was filled with care and prepared for its long journey. Then we called our chief of the Junior Red Cross who found everything in good order. A few moments afterwards, the boys came back from his house with smiling faces: "The teacher has given us a pair of rubbers to send with the case; we must write to the school and say that they should be given to the one who needs them most;" "Our teacher has also given us some towels," said another; "And a collection of stamps," added a third. "Here are also a toothbrush and some tooth paste," announced the last one. What joy!

The letter that went with the consignment was very simple, but very sincere. The children wrote: "We simply want to show you, dear children in Sub-Carpathian Russia, that we, children in Bohemia, think of you and love you! These towels are for the teacher, for him to put in his classroom."

And now the case is loaded on to a little cart and taken to the station. A band of boys escorts it. The big red crosses attract the attention of the passers-by, as does the group

of joyful Juniors. Our present has gone.

We think it is fine, this idea of sending fruit to the poor region of our republic. It gives us the feeling of unity and solidarity. It should be practiced largely. It will also

contribute towards a closer bond between the different provinces of our country.

—Boys of "President Masaryk" School, Trutnov, Czechoslovakia. From: "Our Book, Our Very Own Book."

## A Safety Plan

**M**ONDAY, October twenty-fourth, opens the fourth annual Red Cross campaign against home and farm accidents. There are many ways in which the J. R. C. can help, of course. This report, sent in to us by Council members of the Maple Shade School at Holmen, Wisconsin, tells how accident prevention week was brought to the attention of everyone in that school last year:

We made a survey of the accidents the school children met with either in school or out of school. We listed the causes and ways in which the accidents could be prevented. This list was read at the La Crosse County Council meeting of the J. R. C. held at West Salem, Wisconsin, with Miss Dorset as Chairman, and also at our opening exercises one morning. The following is a list of a few of the accidents which were tabulated and kept in mind as a constant reminder to "think before we act."

1. Merlin received a severe blow on the head and a sore shoulder when pounding nails into a rotten plank suspending from the roof of the porch.

2. Myra is carrying through life a crippled finger due to an injury received from placing her hand into the wheel of a pump jack when trying to stop it, instead of waiting a few minutes for the wheel to stop by itself after the power was turned off.

3. Esther received a severe wound on her hand which resulted in two crippled fingers when she pulled the hay rope too close to the pulley.

4. Mrs. Kelsey, our teacher, in haste and thoughtlessness cut the muscles in her left index finger when slicing a pork roast, slicing toward her hand instead of away from the hand. The result is a stiff finger.

5. Due to the carelessness of an older sister, Violet fell from a table when a mere baby and carries a scar from the fall.

6. Clinton stumbled and received a bruise on his leg because his shoestrings were un-

tied and tangled. If his shoestrings had been properly tied, this would not have happened.

7. Irvin, due to stubbornness, held the car door open and as a result his finger was smashed when an older brother insisted on shutting the door to keep the younger one from falling out.

8. Ernest and Allen had their hands forced through a washing machine when trying to get a cloth untangled while the machine was running.

9. Kenneth bit a piece of his tongue off while playing games on the school ground, because he did not look ahead to see where he was going to jump.

10. When jumping on the bed while playing, one little girl fell off and broke her arm. One boy fell the length of his stairway because he started running down instead of walking the way he should have. Another boy stumbled down the stairs because toys, boxes, and clothing had been placed on the steps to be carried up later on.

11. Several cases of severe burns were discovered from playing with matches, removing hot grease from the stove, touching hot lamp chimneys and pushing each other against a hot stove when playing rough and tumble games.

A Red Cross check list was sent to each parent, who carefully checked the items listed that were defective in their homes and might cause accidents. All minor defects such as a stairway cluttered with toys, boxes, misplaced tools, projecting nails or boards, making it dangerous to those walking near, loose steps, boards and dangling wires, weak boards over wells and cisterns, fallen pitchforks, uncovered holes, and dangerous playthings such as scissors, nut picks, and pins were all done away with or taken care of by the boys and girls of our school who are all Junior Red Cross members. Each child did what he or she could to make his home safer, and each day at roll call a report was given on what each one



It is important not to stand on a wet surface while handling electrical connections. The current should be disconnected while repairs are being made

had done to make living in his home safer.

These are only a few of the many causes of accidents. Now that we have made a study of them it is our aim to cut out avoidable accidents, and when we take inventory next fall we know the number of new accidents will be small compared to the number which occurred before this important topic was brought to our minds through J. R. C. work.

As an art class assignment, we drew free-hand pictures illustrating ways in which accidents are caused. These drawings were taken to West Salem to present them to the other J. R. C. members when our annual meeting was held.

As a language project, we dramatized "How to Cross Streets in Heavy Traffic." First the primary grades (you see we are a one-room rural school having all eight grades, and every child takes part in J. R. C. work) acted out the play which they made up and planned themselves. Then the whole school as an assembly project marked out a road on our schoolroom floor. They had curves, corner and side roads marked in also. The boys were the trucks and the girls were the cars. They had teamsters and some children walking home from school. They learned to do the following things correctly:

1. Give a signal for a left-hand turn or complete stop.

2. To turn out and step out of the road for passing cars and trucks.

3. How cars and trucks should pass each other and slow up for corners.

4. What they should do when crossing a highway to take a side road.

5. They learned the dangers of passing and speeding around corners and curves.

6. They learned the dangers of walking at night when car lights shine upon them.

This lesson was followed up by putting into practice what they learned when they walked home from school. School police were appointed to take notice of mistakes children make when walking to and from school, and they in turn helped the children correct the mistakes.

Later one afternoon, the entire school took part in the dramatization of "Traveling Highways in Safety."

The aisles were lettered Highways A, B, C, and D. Each desk represented the home of a boy or girl or a turn in the road. We placed a boy at one end of the aisle to work our "Stop and Go" sign to give the pedestrians a safe chance to cross the streets. A truck and several cars would work their way down Highways A and C with the intention of turning onto Highway B and stopping at someone's home on Highway B.

By this little play we learned what to do when two or three cars meet at a turn, or a curve, or at an intersection. We learned the importance of good brakes, good lights, careful driving, and the importance of being attentive and on the alert for the oncoming cars.

Each boy and girl was a driver as we would give proper signals when stopping, turning or pulling off the side of a road. The trucks would put out imaginary flares when stalled on the road.

We certainly learned a good lesson, because when twenty-four boys and girls would march around in all directions on our make-believe highways, we got a good idea what heavy traffic meant.

It was also lots of fun. We had to avoid speeding, pushing, crowding, sudden stops, quick and unannounced turns, crooked driving and running past stop signs for our school police were on duty.



# United States Juniors

**A**BOUT the middle of October, the Chairman of the Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, Chapter asked the Juniors to enter a float in the town's Hallowe'en parade. The invitation was accepted and the float entered in the parade is pictured on page 23. The boys and girls were dressed in authentic costumes from China, the Netherlands, Scotland, France, Arabia, India, Egypt, Sweden, and the Balkan countries. The float won one of the prizes—a fine blanket which the Juniors sold for the benefit of their milk fund.

Schools of Nassau County, New York, sent bright orange nut cups decorated with witches, cats and other appropriate designs, together with owl place cards to the Nassau County Hospital. Wall decorations and gay hats were sent to the Cliff Convalescent Home and to the Children's Shelter in Mineola. A bushel basket trimmed with orange and black crêpe paper, and filled with jellied apples made in one of the schools, was sent to men in the government hospital at Northport, New York. One school voted to give the money which they had for a class party to those in a hospital and children's home who would not be able to afford one otherwise.

ROOM 27 of Whittier School, Salt Lake City, Utah, gave a Hallowe'en party for inmates of the County Infirmary of their city. The Juniors chose a committee which went to visit the matron of the institution, and talk over plans. She told the Juniors they could have the use of the auditorium any time they liked, so a date was selected and a day or two beforehand several boys and girls went to the infirmary and decorated the room where the party was to be held. Some of the Juniors made baskets which they filled with candy; others made posters. Still others brought cookies and apples, and some gave money with which they bought hats, masks, rattles, false noses and whistles and horns. There was a program of songs, readings, dances and musical selections, and later refreshments were served.

SOME 67,000 menu covers were made by the J. R. C. last year for the Christmas dinner of

men on board United States Navy vessels. The Executive Officer of the *U. S. S. Barker* wrote to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, members:

"The *U. S. S. Barker* received your Christmas menu covers, one for each man. They were used for our menus and, needless to say, they were highly appreciated.

"The *U. S. S. Barker* has been engaged in the usual strenuous training schedule for the past few months. Our cruising takes us to so many ports, that our mail rarely catches up with us. Your menu covers were about the only Christmas greetings we received from home. We thank you."

MARENGO COUNTY, Alabama, Juniors have divided their activities under several headings, one being "Home and School Improvement." One group of Juniors made metal match containers for every home; ten groups planted shrubs, trees and grass about their homes and schools; every school in the county has earned money to buy new books for the school library; one group in a large school keeps the entrance hall attractive and clean at all times; some boys laid brick walls to the outside toilets of their school and cemented about the well; others carried on campaigns to exterminate flies.

AS PART of their accident prevention program, members in Chattanooga, Tennessee, wrote and produced plays in which the characters used dolls with bandaged legs and arms in order to show how parents can prevent accidents. Parents and other visitors were invited to attend the plays.

One school had a big parade. Some of the Juniors were on crutches, some with an eye patch, some with their arms in slings—all trying to show the various types of accidents which had occurred during the past year. At the same time, the paraders carried large signs and posters warning against accidents for the coming year. Many schools made posters to be placed in the halls and on the bulletin boards throughout the year.

WRITING in the Omaha, Nebraska, *J. R. C. News*, Marilyn Kane and Carol Florin of the Miller Park School said:



This float was entered in a Hallowe'en parade by Juniors of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. (See page 22)

"For the fifth time Miller Park School is preparing a portfolio to send to her friends in Caulfield Grammar School in Melbourne, Australia. The subject this time is 'A Day in Miller Park School.' As each class's space is limited in the portfolio, we have crowded as much interesting information into our space as is possible. The motive for the title is to give them an idea on how our time in school is spent. We showed typical lessons in arithmetic, spelling, writing, and social studies from the first to eighth grade. We also showed our special club activities and various clubs. Our hopes are that we will in return receive a similar portfolio. We find this friendship worth while and always enjoy the Australians' portfolio which comes in return."

for quite a while. It is very interesting to receive handwork, letters, and albums from countries and equally interesting to prepare things to send to them.

"At Christmas time we sent gifts to the soldiers at Fort Harrison, and also to the Indians at Browning.

"A very fine thing you could do would be to have highway patrols to prevent accidents. Choose older boys and girls in the school. Clean school yards and grounds that boys and girls play on, and put food out for the birds.

"We hope you will enjoy being a part of the Junior Red Cross organization.

"If we can do anything to help you, please let us know."

## Adrift on a Polar Floe

(Continued from page 13)

almost fifteen hundred miles in their drift from the North Pole through the Greenland Sea to the region of Scoresby Sound on the east coast of Greenland. Hands were warmly clasped and jubilant greetings exchanged; then the rescuers and the rescued went to the camp to pack the instruments and the precious records of the scientists' observations on their unparalleled journey.

These records the four men had managed to preserve through a score of hurricanes and also sufficient food to have lasted them some three months.

Before he packed the wireless transmitters,

Ernest Krenkel sent his last message to Moscow, which stated that the "North Pole Station" was being closed in Latitude 70° 54' N., Longitude 19° 48' W.

When they arrived in Russia Ivan Papinin and his companions were welcomed as national heroes and their safe return was celebrated in every city and village and on every farm, where for nine months men, women, and children had followed the epic journey as it was wirelessly from the floe.

So a new and thrilling page was added to the story of man's battle with the elements in order to increase his knowledge of the world in which he lives.



## Pets

**S**ome children in New Zealand who cannot get to regular schools, do their lessons by mail. Every year some of their best lessons are put into a magazine called "The Postman." These stories about pets are from a copy of "The Postman" which came to a school in Toledo, Ohio, from a school in New Zealand:

I HAVE a pet lamb. It is called Sunshine. One day Nance and I went for a ride. I asked Mummy to feed him, but she forgot. Sunshine got out of his cage and came to the back door. He scratched at it and Mum thought it was a man. She went to see who it was and it was only Sunshine.

Fay Mulligan, P. 3, Ashburton.

WE HAVE a cow, and she has a little calf. It is a week old today. And all the cows came to see the new calf, but the cow horned the cows and they all ran away. I took my baby brother over to see the calf, and the cow came running home to it.

I have a little doggie, and he wags his

little tail when he sees me coming with his dinner. His name is Spark, and when I call him he jumps over the fence and wags his little tail as we go for a walk.

Marie Riddiford, P. 3,  
Lake Waikaremoana.

MISS MILES' dog is Blinker. He is white, and a rabbit dog with tiny legs. He squeaks when he sees the rabbits run.

Sometimes he hunts all the morning and afternoon. Then he forgets to come home at twelve for dinner with his master. He does not forget afternoon tea. He licks his mouth till his master looks at his watch and goes home with him.

Oliver Bossard, P. 2, Otaki.

A NEIGHBOR gave us a pig. We keep piggy in the fowlyard. The pig fights with the black rooster, and all the other fowls squawk. The other day piggy put his nose through the wire netting and pulled the ring out of his nose. Now that the ring is out he is rooting.

My father has a pup whose name is Fritz. He is very fat, but he is strong.



He pulled my little brother over. Murray and I look after him. He is very, very brave. He swam across a creek three feet deep and it was cold and swift.

Brian Heays, P. 3, Tutira.

I HAVE a pet lamb called Betty. She has a long tail. She can say baa-baa. We have got a fox-terrier, and I give him

a bicky, but he digs a pit in Mummy's garden and he buries it. I have lots of friends. I have gray crabs living in holes in the mud. I have a locust, too. The poor locusts get caught in spiderwebs. I rescue them.

The bull said, "Good morning," and I said, "Good morning, Curly Top!"

Jennifer Wright, P. 2, Ngaruawahia.

# Per

Karl Larsson

Picture by the Author

Not so very long ago there lived in Sweden a boy named Per. His parents were very poor, and he had three younger brothers. So when Per was ten years old and in the sixth grade he had to leave school and find himself some work.

Per was so clever at making things that he soon got a job with a gold- and silversmith named Westberg. Westberg's house was one of the oldest in the town and it stood on the north side of the market place. It was built around a courtyard paved with cobblestones.

In the front of the house, facing the market place was the store in which things were sold. In the back of the house, across the courtyard, was the shop in which things were made.

At first Per's job was to run errands. Then after a year or so Herr Westberg would hire another errand boy and Per would become an apprentice and could spend all his time making things.

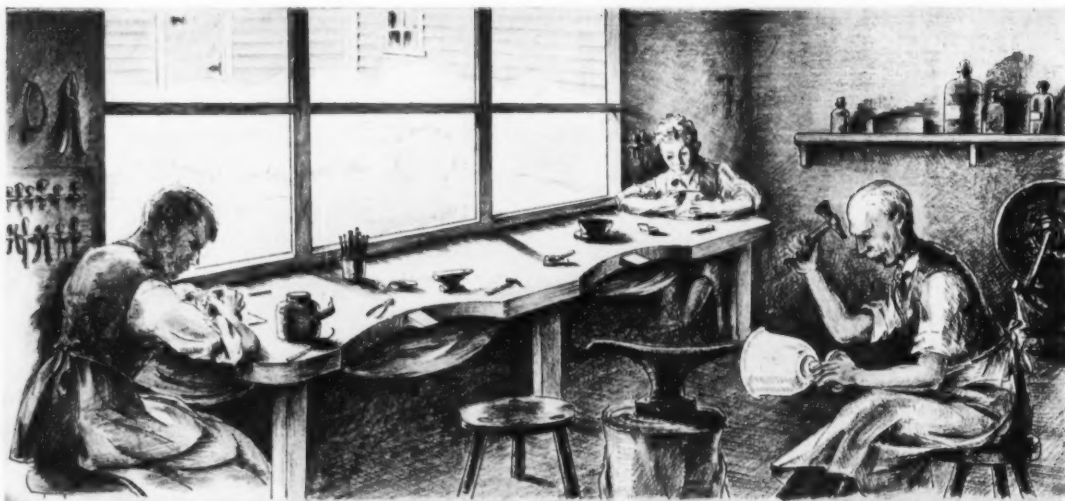
When there were no errands to do Per was allowed to practice making things, but only out of cheap metals. Gold and

silver were too expensive to experiment with.

Many times every day Per made the trip across the courtyard from the shop to the store. When the workmen had finished making a ring or a dozen spoons or a beautiful silver cup, Per brought these things to the store. They were put in the show windows so that the people in the market square could see how beautiful they were.

One day, in winter time, Per was asked to take a diamond ring to the store. He put the ring in an envelope and went out into the courtyard. The snow, packed thick in the yard, glistened in the mid-day sun. Per felt very happy. He felt like skipping. So he skipped as he went along. Then he began throwing the envelope up in the air and catching it again as it came down. Each time he threw it a little higher. One more throw, he thought, and this must be a really high one, higher than the others.

Per threw, and the ring left the envelope and went soaring up towards the blue sky. He tried to catch it as it came



Per was allowed to practice making things, but only out of cheap metals

down, but it fell far from the path and buried itself in the deep snow. He could see the little hole where it had fallen. Carefully he removed the snow, crunching each handful. Soon he became frantic in his search, and in a little while he had removed the snow down to the black cobblestones. He hoped and prayed that he would find the ring before anyone saw him and found out what he had done. He kept on digging, squeezing each handful of snow. But no ring.

Then Per got really scared and went to Mr. Westberg and confessed what he had done. Mr. Westberg and he and all the workmen came out into the yard with buckets. They filled these with snow, carried them into the shop and melted the snow in a big iron pot over the forge. Wider and wider grew the black circle of the cobblestones around the place where Per thought the ring had fallen. But no ring.

At last, when it seemed hopeless to search any further, Mr. Westberg turned to Per and scolded him hard for a very long time. Per cried and promised never

to be so careless again, and never to skip across the courtyard, if only Herr Westberg would let him continue to work in the shop.

"I will let you stay," said Mr. Westberg, "but you will have to pay for the ring out of your weekly salary. It was a very valuable ring and worth many kronor. I will take one krona each week from your wages until the ring is paid for." A krona is equal to about twenty-five cents in our money.

So Per went back to work. He was very unhappy. He felt ashamed and he thought perhaps Mr. Westberg would never trust him again. When there were no errands to do he worked hard at learning the goldsmith's trade, so that soon he would be an apprentice and earn more money. Then he could pay more than one krona a week for the lost ring. Even then it would take many years of work to pay his debt.

More snow fell, and again the courtyard was white and glistening in the sunlight. Inside, in the shop, Per was carefully watching the workmen making rings and bracelets and chains, silver

spoons and forks and knives, trays, coffee pots and tea pots and large silver bowls. It was exciting to see a thick, black silver bar grow, after weeks of hammering, into a beautiful shining vase. It was fun to watch a man take what looked like a sharp nail in his hand and with this make flowers and fancy curlicues and names on the shining coffee pots and trays and bowls.

Per watched and practiced, and each day he learned something new. His unhappiness grew less, but he never quite forgot about the ring. And when each pay day came there was a krona missing. Often when he crossed the courtyard he looked at the place where the ring had fallen.

But the long winter was coming to an end. The sun stayed up a little longer and shone with a yellow warmth. The snow in the south corner of the courtyard was beginning to melt. Soon a few black cobblestones appeared. Each day the snow melted a little more, and the black patch grew larger. Often when Per crossed the courtyard he felt like skipping. But he never skipped.

Then, one day when the snow had melted almost to the edge of the path, Per was crossing the yard on his way to the store. The snow was shining brightly in the blue sky. Suddenly, a ray, sharp as lightning, struck his eye. He stopped. Could it be? Yes! There, just to the left of the path, in the mud between two cobblestones, was the ring. Excitedly, Per dug it out with his fingers, and clasp- ing it tightly in his hand, ran to the store with it.

There was Mr. Westberg. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that Per had found the ring. Of course, it had not been injured from its long stay under the snow.

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Westberg. Per waited.

Mr. Westberg went to a big safe and took a small envelope from it. "Here," he said, "are all the kronor that you paid for the ring." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out five more kronor. "This I will give you extra," he said, "because you have been a good boy."

And Per was so happy he skipped all the way across the courtyard to the shop.

## The Cobbler



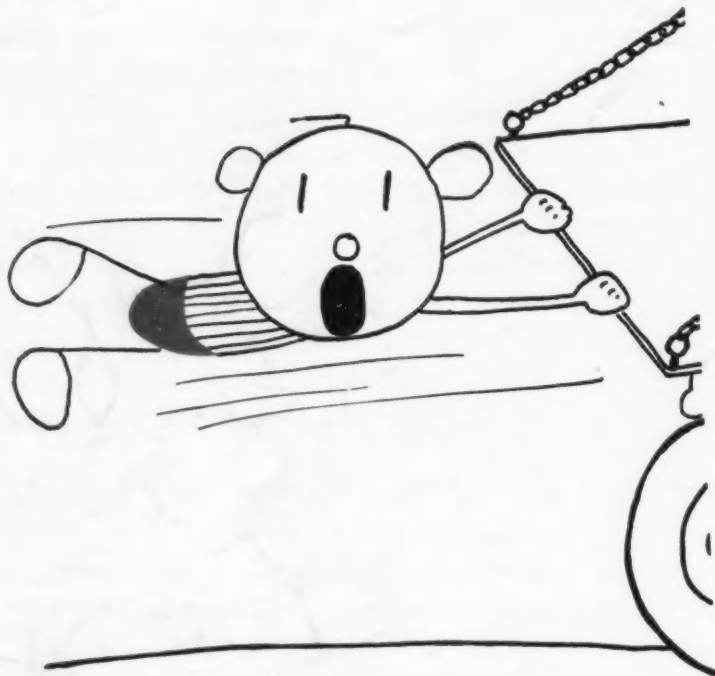
ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

Picture by Helen Finger

Crooked heels  
And scuffy toes  
Are all the kinds  
Of shoes he knows.

He patches up  
The broken places,  
Sews the seams  
And shines their faces.





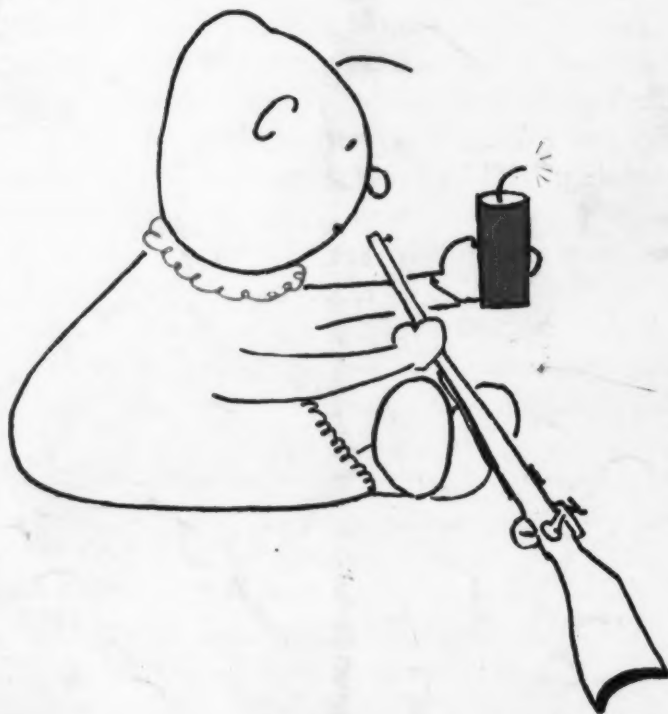
This will give you an idea of what happens to a Hanger-On Nit-Wit when it hangs on behind a truck and the truck really starts to go.

This is one scared Nit-Wit because it hasn't any idea of how it can let go now without landing with an awful thud.

## These are Nit-Wits

You had better take a quick look at this Explosion Nit-Wit, because any minute now it is likely to be blown right out of here.

Any simple-minded person knows that guns and fireworks are not to be treated like toys, but this Nit-Wit doesn't. So it will be a race to see which blows him out first.



From "Safety Can Be Fun," by  
Munro Leaf; Frederick A.  
Stokes Co.

